UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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SOUTHERN WOMEN.

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MRS. PRESIDENT AND LADIES:

I am much beholden to your courtesy for the privilege of saying my word to-day, and only regret my unworthiness both of the audience and my theme. That in all the breadth of this fair land there be one who would more lovingly portray the excellencies, or more ruthlessly attack the faults of my people, I deny.

Born of Southern parents, nurtured under a Southern sky, having lived nearly three-quarters of the years that are gone, in different Southern States, I speak of that I *know*, and testify that I have seen —"nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

That the North and South have not known nor properly valued the excellencies of each, is alike the fault of both, and I hold it good augury that this topic has been chosen, and it gladdens me to be able to make this quotation from a letter from your Secretary of the committee on Topics and Discussions: "There is a desire on our part to awaken interest in women living in the Southern States, and to become more intelligently acquainted with their status and needs. We believe that a better knowledge would open the way to a co-operation more or less active, as the circumstances would permit." Truer words were never spoken.

Are Southern women entirely unlike yourselves? Is it an unique race I am to describe? then were my task easy indeed. The German *frau*, with creamy skin, fair hair, and corpulent tendency, is readily distinguished (as in physique so in character) from the dark-eyed, swarthy Italian, and she again from the supple French woman and willowy Spanish beauty who coquettishly half hides and half magnifies her charms with the soft lace mask. English maid and matron proclaim their nationality, but America has taxed all lands for her people, and the heredity of national character has been crossed by many breeds. There has not yet been time, nor sufficient fixity of condition, for us to claim marked race characteristics, yet of whatever there is American in our people, the South has her full share.

In the birth throes of our nation, men and women from Maine to the extremest Southern verge of our then possessions, shared alike the travail and the resultant success. The wisdom of the North and South consulted together to form our Constitution, and, with 300,000 negroes in the country held in bondage, it was Southern statesmen who were most loud in opposition to the framing of a Constitution which recognized slavery in any degree. What caused the change in Southern sentiment? Verily, *the greed of gain*, the same spirit which sends babies into factories, and makes laborers of mothers.

Eli Whitney, in 1793, invented the cotton-gin, and an extraordinary impulse was given to the cultivation of that staple. Cotton, that required a hand a day to clean a pound, was by this gin better prepared for market at the rate of three hundred weight a day. There was thus a mighty motive given to keep possession of slaves, who could till vast acres at less expense than hired help. Do you wonder, with reports of Deadwood mines, stock exchange, wheat deals and railway speculations, fresh in your ears?—do you wonder, I ask, that men were not brave enough to put aside, *unaided*, such temptation? There was a market for all the cotton they could raise. And just here was the divergence which made the Northern workman the carver of his own fortune, in the toil for which, and enjoyment of which, wife and daughter shared. The Southern farmer gathered what *he* had not sown. The planter's wife and daughters had no need to toil. A captive race is proverbially prolific; maids and men servants often far exceeded the demand; hence the habit of being served was developed in our ancestors, and has been transmitted by ordinary generation, and is the *obstacle to progress most potent* which Southern women have to overcome to-day.

The decade preceding 1861 may be taken as representative of the South in its glory. Let me briefly sketch the condition of women at that time. There were, as now, four classes: First, women of greater or less wealth, well born and bred, who could not remember when fortune had not been

theirs; who had inherited with their names and possessions, from their Spanish, Huguenot, English and Yankee ancestors, fine tastes, delicate sensibilities, noble aspirations; selfish and proud as a class, I grant you, ofttimes self-indulgent to a fault, but with a gracious courtesy of manner, very charming in society, full of generous enthusiasm, capable as individuals, of rare self-sacrifice and fixedness of purpose. The talent of influence is peculiarly feminine. This talent, to a marked degree, was possessed by women of this order. I have never seen nor have I found record of any Southern women, previous to the war, taking prominent part in any public matters; but Southern ladies are born politicians, and in their drawing-rooms schemes were made and faltering voters influenced, as in the time of English elections. Indeed, the life throughout the South, except in the cities, was much on the order of English home-life, with the marked exception that in the latter case tenants were *free* and received aid, if needed, from the lord, merely as charity; while in the other, the mistress of a plantation had the care of as many dependents as would constitute a small village. The mere matter of ordering the clothing and attending to its manufacture would seem enough for one woman's work, and the care of the keys would fairly tax St. Peter. Nurse and doctor, too, the mistress must be. How many of you could cleanse a gaping wound in a huge black foot, tie an artery, fasten the sides of the wound together by means of a carpet needle and thread, do the necessary bandaging, and all the time talk to and soothe the great patient as a tender mother a child? Such women *were not idle.* Of this class was Mrs. Le Vert, whom Miss Bremer called the "Sweet Florida Rose," a representative Southern society woman, of whom it has been said, "She was made up without antipathies, and in place had large tolerance and adaptation, which, with her womanly graces, eminently fitted her for the office of social harmonizer." The friend of Calhoun, Clay and Webster, she was also a welcome guest among the gentle folk of England—her social successes as great there as at home.

Margaret J. Preston, of Virginia, and Sarah A. Dorsey, of Mississippi, represent the literary women of this decade. Both surrounded with all that could refine and elevate the character, with the leisure of wealth for self-culture, strong Christian principle, the one still lives, her name enrolled among the contributors to the *Literary World*, published in Boston. Surely, greater guarantee of merit cannot be asked. The latter, besides a few novels, papers for the *Churchman* and *Intelligencer*, has published the "Recollections of Gov. Allen, of Louisiana," a valuable contribution to historical literature. She has testified her devotion to the principle of States' Rights, by leaving her fortune to its unsuccessful representative.

Orthodox religionists were these women, too. To whatever sect they attached themselves, the blindest allegiance was given to the confession of faith, and one never heard speculative philosophy in a plantation parlor. "I believe every word between the lids of the Bible," was the almost universal creed. From this class of women have gone missionaries to Ceylon, Greece, Africa, even China. To this last country went Henrietta Shuck, a bride of eighteen, her husband a Baptist clergyman at Macao. She learned to read Chinese with tolerable facility, and to speak it quite well. When she died at *thirty* (Southern women mature very early, and pay the penalty), she had a new school house, with twenty Chinese boys, six girls, and her own four children under her care.

The rule is, however, that Southern women of this class are eminently domestic, their ambitions, hopes, fears, bounded by the home, county and State. Hence the intensity of State patriotism, born of the self-love which leads men to do the best for their very own.

Second, women of wealth who had risen from the lower orders; wives of men who had been overseers, and by strict attention to business,—perhaps by manipulations somewhat similar to Jacob's trick upon Laban,—amassed a fortune, bought land, "niggers" and a "pianner." It is a noticeable fact that however proud a man may be of having risen from nothing, he is anxious to save his children the same boast. The *nouveau riche* of the South was no exception to this rule, and his daughters, well clothed and with plenty of money, were sent to boarding school. Well for the race that this was so. Sons by the law of heredity are oftenest like their mother. The influence of such schools as Hollins Institute in Virginia, Patapsco Institute in Maryland, and the legion of Northern boarding schools which have done their share in educating Southern women, is felt to-day, and the sons of these women will, by and by, work out the salvation of the South, although the way seems dark now, and political knavery holds the helm of state, rather than the patriotism of the statesmen of olden time, to whom all was dross but honor.

The women of both these classes were chaste and pure; scandal rarely touched one, and divorce was almost unknown. All honor, say you. I dare not let it rest thus. Priestesses of the home, set apart

by brothers, lovers, husbands, for home's sweet uses, they had no temptation. The women of the servile race were thought fit ministers for lust, and their sin, if sin indeed it can be called, lies at the mistress' door. Southern ladies were not blind, but they were dumb, and self-interest made them so.

Third, the negro women who were divided into field hands, for whom there was no hope of improvement, and house servants, who imitated their mistress' faults and virtues, and many a time received quite a good education, although it was against the law to teach them.

Fourth, and last, the poor whites, called "Clay-eaters" in Carolina, "Crackers" in Georgia, "Chick-asehase-men" in Alabama. These are now, as then —*trash*—and on their behalf I make a plea just here. Little can be done for the women; they will be simply breeders to the end of their lives. They chew, smoke and dip snuff, comb their hair on Sunday, and wash as little as possible. The one sentiment of which they are capable is pride of the whiteness of their skin, for which they forget to remember they are in no wise responsible. If the public schools could be forced upon these people—their children educated, if need be, as it certainly *would* be, against their will—there might be formed from these a class similar to our laborers and factory hands here. One woman has done what she could. Miss Jennie S. Bell, of New England, went to Beaufort and gathered fifty blacks to teach; met about town shiftless men and snuff-taking women, and, of course, miserable children—a class more inefficient than the negroes. They subsisted by clam-digging, begging rations from the government, and stealing what they could not beg. Miss B. went to the Provost Marshal, and asked, "Can nothing be done for these people?" "Suppose you try it," he said; and try she did. Off the coast was Hackle's Island, where were about three hundred men, women and children. She took possession of a roofless cabin, spent fifty dollars repairing it, built in the rear a log cabin for her own home, and gathered in fifteen children. It was hard work; she had to clean the body first with soap and crash, before the brain could be cultivated. They were actually so dirty and so unwholesome (having the skin disease, which salt food and filth so often engender) that Miss Bell had to use rods to point to the A B C's, rather than have the children near her. Each one had a present of a comb, and the fashion was set on the island, of smooth hair and clean faces. Then this woman hired boys to "tote" seaweed for manure, break the ground and put in seed. "What yer doing?" queried the elders, leaning over the fence, pipe in mouth; "making a garden? 'Taint no use; truck won't grow." "We'll see about that," she answered, cheerily. The rain and the sun did their share of the work, and soon a thrifty garden grew potatoes, beans, squashes, turnips. By and by the other families tried gardening, and with tolerable success. Then poultry-raising was tried, and so onward and upward the people have grown, helped by one woman who believed in race education and in labor education. Fifteen years have passed; no one who knew the island in the old time, would recognize it now. She (Jane Bell) has established shoe-making on the island, and had the children taught the trade by a good shoemaker. The women have learned to sew, and to cut and make garments. A plantation of fig trees, two hundred in number, is in fair condition; peach, pear, and apple trees are thriving, and the next generation will have cause to call her blessed, for she has improved the breed, and from this stock of labor-loving, cleanly, frugal youth, will come a race worthy of the woman who called it into existence. She has worked for the future; would there were more such.

In the war of 1861 to 1865, when the South received her baptism of blood,—years of steadily increasing misery,—men's hearts failing them for fear, women, who are said to *adorn* war, nursed the sick, smoothed the couch of the dying, did the man's work at home, managed plantations and farms, and bartered for chickens and eggs. Dainty hands, unused to toil, carded wool and wove the cloth to make a son or husband clothes; tore carpets from the floor to make blankets, when none other could be had for the soldiers; lived, many of them, on corn and bacon, tasted neither tea nor coffee, and *made no moan;* it was for the *State* they suffered. 1776 showed no truer heroism among women than these years between 1861 and 1865. Please God, that opportunity never come again. At last, the end—*ruin.* Just what they deserved, you say. Verily, no; it was what must be. They suffered the inevitable, not because any peculiar misery was wrought out for them. As well accept the Calvinistic hell for the heathen, who know not God nor have ever heard of Him, as consider retribution has come to women who *inherited* a belief, were *educated* to that belief, and gave proof of their faith in that belief by suffering for it.

The same classes exist to-day, but with changed conditions; and let us ask first, What of the one-time servile race? Has emancipation wrought out their salvation? Not yet. The chosen people were forty years being fitted for Canaan,

and then they did not appear to great advantage, if the reports extant can be depended upon. I am amazed at what has been done in so short a time. The opening of schools for children has inspired their mothers with zeal to supply them with shoes, stockings, clean clothes, and, *if possible*, smooth hair. In the public schools, the negro children compare well in neatness with others. But you must remember that the children who are in public schools are the children of the city, and the mothers of these children have had association for generations with people of refinement and culture, and, besides, there has been an intermixture of blood. In the country one can hardly see as much, but even here there is great evidence of improvement. When I was last at the South, it was a matter of great surprise to me to see the change in the appearance of the negro dwellings, and the more refined character of the dress of the women. Straws, you say; but they prove the wind is in the right direction. Hampton Institute has done much for the negro women, in fitting them for teaching their own people, as well as instructing all who go to the institution, in some kind of handiwork. Labor is a potent factor in the elevation of a people, and the managers of Hampton recognized it as a potent factor in the education of the negro race. I do not believe negro women will ever, save in exceptional instances, take any high place in the realms of literature, art, or music; but if they can be trained (as I believe it possible, and is being proven now) to be good mothers, faithful wives, industrious home-keepers, the result will tell on the future prosperity of this Republic.

The men who made their fortunes, were shrewd enough to save a nest-egg, and to a great extent the little wealth there is in the South is in the hands of such persons; and it is from them the loudest talk comes of *ante bellum* glories and *post bellum* woes.

At a dinner party in New Haven, in 1863, I heard a lady wish she had a great broom, to sweep the whole South into the Gulf. She had just given her lover to be a—Chaplain. One year later, in Georgia, an older woman said, "Well, I just wish I could drive those Yankees into the Arctic ocean." The Georgia woman had just lost a *mule*. Human nature is the same the world over; lovers and mules are not carelessly given up.

The women of a finer mould have met their fate, as Marie Antoinette walked to the guillotine, with quiet dignity—*noblesse oblige*. Work they *must*, and work they do, scrubbing, cleaning, cooking, washing; anything a woman's hands can do, a large number of Southern women, all unused to toil, have done, and done it well. The greatest trial, from the beginning of this new era until now, is the horror a Southern lady has of working for *pay*. Anything they can do in the sacred privacy of home, is willingly, gladly done; but economy, however strict, will not buy bread, and the South is full of Naomis.

Do you recall Hawthorne's exquisite portrayal of the impoverished gentlewoman? Did you not suffer for and with Miss Hepzibah, when, on the first day of opening her little shop, she struggled hard to take the penny for the bit of gingerbread, and pride finally vanquished poverty—she gave it away? Such struggle was in many a Southern mother's heart when she looked into her children's faces, and knew her labor must stand between them and need. Mother love conquered pride, and you will find Southern gentlewomen in the schoolroom, behind the desk, in the shop, filling the editorial chair, writing books,—anything a Northern or Western woman has done or is doing of paying labor, they have done in the last sixteen years, with the exception of labor on the rostrum, in the professions, and in the pulpit. The light has not come to them, as yet, for the higher kind of work. A woman, Mrs. Nicholson, is editress of the New Orleans *Picayune*, a paper whose circulation is as extensive as any in the South. She is not alone in her place. An establishment for the sale of Keep's shirts, in New Orleans, is presided over by a lady of rare culture, fine presence and gentle birth. She has taken both parents' place to three sons and a daughter. I saw her at her work behind the counter, and joined with my admiration for her bravery, was the wish that more would follow her example.

One of the signs of the times is the publication and ready sale of a book by Miss Penny, of Louisville, entitled "Employments for Women," designed to show what women can do in these times of self-reliance, and woman's need to work. It tells exactly what things she can do with profit,—straw-plaiting, the manufacture of willow-ware, bee culture, canning fruits, preparing jams, jellies, etc., and it is a fact that all these industries are pursued in the South by women.

To the women who have arrived at maturity since 1865, much credit must be given that they have, many of them, thrown off the old traditions and are working for themselves. The only trouble is, they are cramped by social prejudice, but then perhaps no more there than here. This spirit is fostered in Chicago, where to save the feelings of respectable poverty, the adept in needle-work or preserving goes by a *number*, in the exchange for women's work. By just so far as the influence of this exchange extends, it does dishonor to the working women of every degree.

The need to-day in the South is a deeper respect for labor and the money it earns. That this sentiment may be of slow growth is very probable, since the teaching of generations has been so different. Listen to Mrs. Phelps, sister to Emma Willard, of Troy:

"Most of you young ladies from the Southern States are not under the necessity of performing household labor; it would be mistaken kindness for you to do the labor and let the menials live in idleness. But yet it is well for you to know what labor is, that you can feel sympathy for them; besides, your servant may be sick, and humanity may require of you to relieve her of her duties, even if you should take upon yourself the burden of her labor."

When the pressing need for mo ey came, it was suggested to many women that they coin their brains, unheeding the kind of metal. Most pro-

lific have been these mints, but the coin not all gold. The literature of the South, notably that contributed by Southern women, consists chiefly of versifications and romances,—characteristic, indeed, of all people in the process of national evolution. Sectional prejudice cramps most of the writers, while it is at the same time their choicest inspiration. But genius cannot express itself in limitations, and when the women of the South free themselves from sectional pride, prejudice and patriotism, no writers will take precedence of them.

Augusta Evans, Mrs. Southworth and Christian Reid have made themselves an honorable place among novelists; Margaret Preston, Virginia French and Mrs. Downing deserve the poet's crown. Music has, as yet, found no interpreter. Mary Anderson is our one representative in the dramatic art. *Necessity* has come to my people; we cannot predicate of any one how much that stimulus will accomplish. Intense in nature, enthusiastic, reckless of consequences where a point is to be gained, heroic, self-sacrificing, freed forever, thank God, from the one factor of their social fabric which necessarily cramped and warped their lives, I believe that in one more generation Southern women will outstrip their leaders in their labor for the elevation of the sex and regeneration of humanity. They have shown "*the courage for defeat*," the surest guarantee for future victory.

I have said Southern women were born politicians. It has been given a few of them in that most ill-managed State, Louisiana, to see the needs of the time. The hands of most of the men of both parties are unclean, and a petition was prepared for the State Convention, demanding suffrage for women. It was presented by Mrs. Merrick and Mrs. Saxon, both Southerners, and I am told the signatures were representative of the better class of citizens. What a grand step in advance! It would not be at all strange if the South press you close in this matter. The first swing of the pendulum is apt to cover the widest arch.

Women of the North and West, now is your opportunity. It is told of a Grecian advocate that, pleading the cause of the hetaira Phryne before a court of justice, he almost despaired of his case. The judge's face seemed hard as marble. By a sudden inspiration he tore aside the garment of his client, and exposed to the beauty-loving Greeks the exquisitely-moulded, rosy breasts hidden beneath the unattractive garb. Straightway he won his suit.

Would to God I could make you see. I have tried to show you the status of the women of the South; their need is *encouragement*. In poverty, loneliness, sorrow, they are working out their salvation. I pray you bid them God speed.

THE WORSHIP OF JESUS.

J. C. L.

"Should a visitor from some other planet see in Roman Catholic churches the infant Jesus, in his mother's arms, painted in millions of pictures, in churches and on shrines and altars, and should he observe that prayers are offered to these a thousand fold more frequently than to any one else, would he not naturally conclude that the Christian's God is an infant, and that Christian adoration consists in the worship of a child?"—*Rev. Henry A. Miles, D. D.*

To explain this fully would require the telling of some centuries of human history. This latest result comes at the end of a long list of conspiring causes. National decline, social revolution, the decay or transformation of faiths, the rise of ecclesiastical power, the interaction of Christianity and Paganism, these are some of the general phases into which are condensed generations of time, volumes of tragedy, and whole systems of philosophy.

In the religions of heathenism the distinction between gods and men was not so well preserved as in our time with us. Although we live in an age when there are many to tell us that God is unknowable, yet we have no trouble in knowing a man when we see him. With the ancient heathen it was otherwise. He had a multitude of gods, and never doubted his ability to know them; but he sometimes mistook men for gods. Indeed it was not infrequently the case that the gods appeared in human form; and on the other hand whenever men did anything extraordinary, it was easy to suppose that some god was in them or by them, assisting and directing.

In the history of all nations, if we go back far enough, we shall find that the ancestors of the race, or the great chiefs and kings, or the great sages and saviors were of divine and miraculous birth. Fo-hi, the ancient founder of the Chinese Paradise, was born of a virgin. So was Buddha, whose mother was the beautiful Maia. Alancova, a widow of the Mongolian people, bore three boys, the offspring of divine apparition; from one of these in the tenth generation sprang the famous Ghengis-Khan. Zoroaster, Isaac, Samuel, and John the Baptist were miraculously conceived. Romulus was the son of Rhea Sylvia, but his father was the god Mars. Alexander the Great was born of Olympia, but the father was Jupiter. Plato, child of the maiden Perictione, was begotten by Apollo. Cæsar was called the son of Venus. At Lystra, Paul and Barnabas were thought by the people to be gods come down to them in the likeness of men, and they wished to offer to them the sacrifices suited to Jupiter and Mercury. And afterward, when wrecked at Malta, Paul shook a venomous viper from his hand and received no harm, the barbarians said he must be a god.

If, now, in addition to these instances of confounding divine and human, we cite the new tendency to personal idolatry which sprang up from the ruins of Grecian and Roman mythology,—what was left of the old faith seeking to realize itself in Christianity,—we shall be helped still further on toward the solution of our problem. At the very time when Joseph and Mary were wondering what sort of babe is born to them, the Emperor Augustus at Rome was preparing the way to concentrate upon his own head the honors and titles of Jupiter himself. His own birth, and life, and death were

invested with prodigies and signs. "A regular custom was introduced, that on the decease of every emperor who had not lived a tyrant, the senate, by a solemn decree, should place him in the number of the gods, and the ceremonies of his apotheosis were blended with those of his funeral." Vespasian, "the muleteer," put at the head of the army of the East, came home to be hailed as a divinity by Jew and Gentile, working miracles and fulfilling prophecies. Long previous to this, after the siege of Rhodes, the victorious Ptolemy was worshipped as a god, and took the title of Savior by permission of the oracle of Ammon. Vespasian was now called the "Savior" of Rome. Domitian called himself "Lord and God" in his edicts, and later the ambitious, crafty Constantine, who became the first Christian emperor, struck a medal that he might put thereon his own august title of "God."

It was in the midst of such conditions and influences as these, that Christianity grew and took shape in the then Western world. The streams of paganism, of mythology, flowed in and mingled with the pure fountain from Galilee. In time the old empire broke up, new people rushed in, another language was spoken in those classic lands; new words, and names, and phrases had supplanted many of the old; but in a thousand years it is difficult to say whether Christianity has overcome heathenism, or heathenism has swallowed up Christianity.

We plainly see this, however: that the babe Jesus has come to be worshipped as a god, and Mary is invested with the title of "Mother of God," and she is worshipped, too; and generally in place of a hierarchy of heathen divinities, there are the names and images of canonized saints. Moreover, we find much in the gospel narratives not readily understood,—legendary accretions from many sources,—and these have been so interpreted and read as to relegate all that is simple and natural into the background, and place all the emphasis of faith upon the supernatural and marvelous. When paganism was adjusting itself to the new state of things, to show how similar the new faith was to the old, the parallels between the history of Jesus and the gods were diligently sought out. The child of Jehovah was likened to the children of Jupiter, and in the fourth century the life of Jesus was written in Greek, taken wholly from the times of Homer; and again in Latin, drawn in a similar way from Virgil. Christian art also lent its influence to fix and perpetuate these conceptions, until the minds of worshippers were familiar with the conception of "God of God," laid in the manger at Bethlehem, adored by magi, borne to Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod,—carried everywhere in his mother's arms,—finally to grow up into manhood not more really a god, yet suffering, sorrowing, thwarted, crucified; the whole a divine drama or tragedy enacted before a few people in Judea, to startle the souls and furnish an object for the faith of all future generations.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time hath made.
—*Waller.*

RELIGIOUS UNITY.

I.

M. J. SAVAGE.

"That they all may be one," was the burden of the prayer of Jesus, as he thought of those who should work to bring in the coming "Kingdom of God." And if only the world could agree as to what is meant by the Kingdom of God, and as to the means by which it is to be established, then of course the prayer might find its answer. I propose, in a few brief articles for *Unity*,—whose very name seems to invite the consideration of such a topic—the possibility, the prospects, and the means towards religious unity. Of course, I cannot do this in an exhaustive manner, but only in the way of suggestion. To see what the problem, its nature and difficulties, may help toward the ultimate solution.

The instinct towards unity is making itself everywhere felt in these modern days. The human mind naturally dislikes the perplexity of an aimless confusion, and rejoices when it catches a glimpse of any principle that binds the apparently diverse into one. It is this which so fascinates us in the modern theory of evolution. For, though we have said *cosmos* and *universe* before, evolution gives us a firmer grasp on the thought than we have ever had in the past. And, if I mistake not, it is this which gives plausibility and acceptance to those tendencies of modern thought that incline toward what is called *atheism*. Men hunger and thirst for unity, and so they seek to find a monistic theory of the universe. They shrink from any kind of dualism, and if they are made to feel that theism necessitates quality—God and the world—they are almost ready, for the sake of unity, to give up God and cling only to the universe. May there not be a way of keeping the unity without losing God? I believe there may, but it is beyond my present purpose to do more than suggest it.

It is this theism for sinners that makes us love to think of the unity of man, the unity of all life, the unity of truth, etc. And since this instinct is so strong in us, it is not strange to find thoughtful men reaching out after religious unity. For, if God is one, and man is one, then it follows of necessity that *religion must be one*.

But this may mean either of two things: First, that some one religion must be the true and the only true one, and all the others false; or it may mean, secondly, that all spring from one root, and are bound together by some one principle that makes the only diverse forms of the working of "one and the self-same spirit."

Another thing makes all loyal and loving souls long for religious unity. If men are really brothers, and have one father in heaven, it seems cruel and unnatural that we should be at strife and in mutual hatred all through the ages over this one thing that all admit to be of superior importance to every man. And, further, when so much is to be done to make the world a good place to live in, to make men intelligent and virtuous and happy, all sym-

pathetic and thoughtful persons are found to cry out "Why is this waste?" For ignorance and superstition are wickedly and wastefully extravagant of these things on which human welfare depend.

If the time, the money, the ingenuity, the energy, that have been spent in destructive intellectual and physical warfare over religion had only been spent in trying carefully and earnestly to find out the nature of man and his relation to his fellows and the world about him, this old scarred and wicked earth might by this time have been a paradise fairer than that of Eden.

Let us then—the readers of *Unity*—look over this subject and see if we can find a path that promises to lead through and out of the jungle.

AT THE INSTITUTE.

ROBERT COLLYER.

The meeting of the Ministers' Institute, in Providence, was "a season of refreshing." The weather was superb, the friends whose guests we were gave us a great welcome, and attended the meetings themselves in great numbers, by no means a common thing at conferences. The temper of the meetings was brotherly and catholic beyond any thing it has ever been my good hap to witness in in the heart of such radical divergence of thought and purpose, no accent of an evil spirit and no charity toward those who differ, as we commonly use that term, because there was no room for it. We met as equals, to hear the best word each man had to say, "self-reverent and reverencing each," held on to that temper right through, and if now and then there was a cat's paw of cross mind, it was refreshing to feel the gust, and then settle down again with nobody the worse.

I think the most impressive and moving thing in the Institute was the paper by Dr. Gottheil, and the man behind the paper; certainly this was my own feeling. It has been my habit for years, when I have met a thorough bred Jew, to try and find whether there was not something like a sixth sense in him, a power other than the Gentiles possess, by which one could get at the pathetic and pregnant secret of greatness they hold forever in their heart. But they have all failed to help me in this matter. They would talk about the Talmud and the great doctors, but it was on the outside, and there was no more help in it than there is in using a poodle as a pointer when you go after birds. Dr. Gottheil has this sixth sense. You cannot describe it any more than you can describe a wonderful new drama, but you feel it is there as you listen to the man, and that he is revealing something of the marvelous secret to you for the first time in your life.

And something of this comes by the simple presence of the man. There is a side glance at his face which reminds me of one I have seen in a picture of the last supper, by one of the great old masters, of James, the Lord's brother, and I think he was clothed to all of us in the touching sorrows through which his people have passed, so that we turned a very tender heart to him, and would have been glad to hear him, had there been no unique worth in what he had to say.

But there was worth beyond anything it has been my good fortune to hear from any man of his race. "In him was light," and it made the dimness radiant with which men of my poor attainment have had to be content. You felt also there was no strain on him, or exhaustion in him, as he told us the grand story. He could play with it betimes, touch it with a light hand, send gleams of humor through it, and then return, marshal his facts, plant his arguments, and now and then create sentences that quivered with an emotion of which he was still the master. And yet I thought he did not quite take in the situation in not allowing for the solemn emphasis men of our mind give to the evidence contained in the Gospels against the Pharisees, and in passing lightly over the terrible tragedy which made his nation a by-word and a hissing through all these weary centuries. There was room once and again, if indeed a man can override his own limitations, for him to show what reason Jesus must have had for his antagonism to the Pharisees as a body, and there was room for some word, swift and sure, condemning the woful work of the cross. That word was never said. The Jew still stood aloof from the Christian when it came to this last test, and so far, this splendid piece of work fell short of the occasion. It was not the telling of a whole truth so much as the masterly presentation of a side.

We were all glad to have Francis Abbot with us, however, to speak *for* a side in his clear-cut way, and to feel that we were probably listening to the best word he could say in behalf of the cause for which he stands against all comers. And as we used to say in Yorkshire, he was "in good fettle." You could feel the vigor of a day that had filled "her blue urn with fire" for him all through the discourse. And he was glad to be there. There was something very lovely to me about his delight, and the pride he felt at being permitted to speak to his old companions and friends. I think I had some such feeling last year, when I went to the place where I was brought up, to meet the boys and girls I had not seen since 1838, and talk to them for an hour in a brave new school house, built on the very hiding place of the "boggard" that had clanked his chain there ever since the days of heathendom. Indeed this gladness stole from the spirit of the discourse something of the old, rugged and ruthless dissent one loves to see in all men, with so distinct a conviction that there is but one side to the truth they have to tell. It was the courtesy a guest of fine instincts will still observe toward his host, so he said the word faithfully enough, but it was not in power. Nor did the replies made amount to much: his war ship took no damage from such guns as were brought to bear on her. The brethren seemed to have the Bedouin feeling that you must lift no hand against the man who has eaten your salt until he is clear of your premises. So those, if there were any, who went expecting to see a fight, had to be content with a review, very well done indeed, but not with shotted guns, and this, no doubt, is the true spirit of an Institute as against a Convention.

Some other things were quite notable and full of profit to me. I suppose all your readers will see Mr. Calthrop's sermon, but you have to hear *the man*. It is very much like reading the words and music of a fine composition to read such sermons apart from the speaker. He spake as one moved by the Holy Ghost. Yet to me there was one fatal lapse in this really grand discourse. It was in the fine glow of delight with which he opened to us the reason for the grass-grown paths up to so many of our church doors, because the truth we have to tell is so far ahead of the average human nature. It was a word fitted to make us more tolerant than we are already with our beggarly account of empty benches. It may be true, but I could not help saying to myself, I wish you had not made this discovery, my lad, until the end of the hundred years, when, as you think, the common nature will have grown up to our thought, and will crowd our sanctuaries. The reasons that made one more complacent over failure and disaster go far to make us clerical Micawbers with those about us, to cry we are not appreciated by a cold and heartless world. Nor in the case of a man like Freeman Clark, is this true; you might put him in the centre of a forty mile prairie, and set him preaching, and in five years he would have a church full to hear him preach these doctrines, and I guess it is not a century of time we need, but a baptism of fire right here and now.

Very wonderful, also, and delightful, was Francis Tiffany's paper on the Fourth Gospel. In this, one found no room to growl. It came in after a very able paper, by Prof. Abbot, on the authorship of this Gospel, done in the old critical fashion, and, I imagine, very well done indeed, but only as your comparative anatomist will prove the identity of a creature by a tooth or a toe, while Mr. Tiffany's psalm of the Fourth Gospel was instinct with life and beauty and power, and worthy the grand amen with which it was welcomed.

So was John Chadwick's sermon, a psalm of the ever living and only true God, and Mr. Dale's sermon was a most touching plea for the manifestation of God in the flesh, in all simple human ways. And there was an evening meeting in the Third Church, of a rare virtue to stir you, especially a mighty outpouring of the heart from Dr. Bellows, tender and searching beyond measure. These were all the meetings I could afford time for. I felt it would have been worth a journey of a thousand miles to attend them. And surely this school of the prophets will flourish and grow strong. One thing only I thought of as a possible betterment, and this was that we should devote one day, say the last, wholly to the things that cluster about prayer, and to prayer; not talk about it, or scolding at the shortcomings of the denomination in these things, for this is but as the fume and fret of an engineer when his fires are low, and he can achieve no momentum. But prayer and devout aspiration, and the mighty service of song, for these help clear the grates and pile on the fuel, and start the strong white glow which lifts the heart to high purpose and that enthusiasm without which no grand work is ever done.

THE DIFFERENCE.

J. L. D.

Ecclesiasticus was conscientiously devout. He exported Bibles and Missionaries, and imported molasses and distilled it into rum. But in that fulness of time which is sure to come to all debtors who invest in godliness because it is gain, he failed upon the molasses, and compromised for twenty-five per cent., giving his notes. But, alas! the day of reckoning was at hand, for he failed on the notes as well, the paper and ink standing for their value—"that and nothing more."

One Sunday morning, the good rector in his place—for he had read the original Gospels—gave notice that there would be a temperance meeting during the week, whereupon Ecclesiasticus was greatly shocked, and being sorely wroth as well, arose and walked straight out of church, declaring, as he went, that he could not conscientiously sit without protest, and see the house of God desecrated by the introduction of secular topics. He was as good as his word, and never entered the dishonored temple again.

Ecclesiasticus is the type of a great company of pious, church-loving, sacrament-keeping, creed-worshiping Christians. In many cases they make up the majority of church membership. They do not all convert Bibles and Missionaries into rum, nor in all cases do they cheat their creditors openly, but they agree in this—that they are always hankering after the "gospel," the "pure gospel," the "old-fashioned gospel," and the craving is never so strong as when their own sins are brought into view. "How beautiful on the *mountains* are the feet of them that bring glad tidings:" distance lends enchantment to the spectacle. But let the shining feet come down, and cross the crooked paths in the shady valleys of real life, and the enchantment dissolves. Preaching, with these devotees, is for lands celestial, and not for the dusty ways of earth. "By faith we are saved, and not by works," forecloses all debate.

Now Ecclesiasticus, Theologicus, and Evangelicus make a trinity, and it is very strong. They are not parts of the whole, yet they all agree in making it up. As a substitute offered by those who are conventionally called "believers," and who, on the ground of their substitute, claim exemption from personal service in the great battle of life, this trinity stands forth as the secret hidden from the foundation of the world, but in the Christian day of grace made known to the sons of men. Against all attacks, whether from heaven or hell, this united three in one stands as an impregnable fortress. In the great and final day of trial, it is the forensic skill of this trinal advocacy that is relied upon for acquittal. For three score generations it has been the protocol of the communion table over which God and the Devil have proposed to bury their differences.

But to drop figure and come to fact, this is that "other gospel" of which Jesus knew nothing, and Paul had an anticipative "shy" at; an invention

of the doctors who took out a patent on it in the shady "ages of faith," and which has been periodically renewed by their successors ever since. It is the gospel that saves without "morality;" that holds virtue and integrity at a discount, and a life of good works as worthless chips; exactly what Ecclesiasticus and company call the "pure gospel," the "old-fashioned" gospel, and which they all so hanker after in these modern times.

Just here is the fatal weakness—the rot in the marrow—the "powder-post" in the timbers of that entire "scheme" of dogmatic Christianity which has palmed itself off as the Christianity of Christ, but which has no more to do with his religion than a slave-holding Democrat has to do with Democracy. And it is the discovery of this that is alienating intelligence from the church to-day, and leading the faith of the modern world to change front.

The next stadium of advance will be by three steps: first, the introduction of Morality or Righteousness as supreme in any view of religion that makes it fit for this or any other world; second, the founding of Theology or the intellectual conception of religion on scientific bases, laws and facts, as they exist in the universe, or the nature of things; third, the emphatic assertion of the Transcendental Objective, or that postulate of the Infinite whereby the soul is enabled to handle the great arguments of itself, and whence the seeking, sighing and hunger of its higher nature draw responsive satisfactions. This trinity—not that of the Pantheon, the Cloister or the Church—is henceforth to inspire the faith and aspirations of the soul, give law to the life of man as a loyal subject in this world, and temple itself in his character for the next. Not Olympus, or Sinai, or Calvary, not this mountain or that, is to be the throne and exclusive dwelling of the Most High, but wherever star shines, or flower blooms, or life trembles in dust or Deity, there dwells the Infinite and the ANSWER. Not Atheism, but an inevitable Theism is the Logos of this world. Even science, in that reverence which is born of its own wonder, nay, of its weariness as well, exclaims, "THOU hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God." And from every string in the universe comes back the answering chorus—"Thou art God."

Reason, Righteousness, Faith, then; Truth, Obedience, Aspiration; Science, Morality, Religion, these all sing from us and sing back to us; and when the great antiphonal shall strike its final chord that will be the great reconciliation.

Meanwhile, "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart," let him dare to lift up his holy psalm. Without doubt and without controversy he may "ascend into the hill of the Lord"

Exeunt Ecclesiasticus, Theologicus, Evangelicus. The Christianity of Jesus, all hail! and reign. We emphasize *the difference.*

We never can be deathless till we die.—*Bailey.*

Love, that within my mind discourses with me.—*Dante.*

A NEW AMERICAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

C. W. W.

One of the most interesting of the religious movements of the time, and one with which the liberal public ought to be more familiar, is the establishment in New York city of an Independent Catholic Church. At present it holds services in Clarendon Hall, and is under the spiritual guidance of five "Fathers," who have recently left the Roman Catholic Church because of their desire for a larger liberty and a more rational gospel.

The chief inspirer of this new departure is the Rev. Father J. D. McNamara, said to be a man of great uprightness and force of character, who two years ago renounced Romanism, and has at last succeeded in organizing a Catholic Church which surrenders the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Sacrament, denies any exceptional allegiance to the Roman Pontiff, has abolished the confessional, and permits its priests to marry, if they so desire. These are sweeping reforms indeed, but the new Church seems to be attracting to itself a goodly number of adherents, the meetings being crowded with curious and disaffected Catholics. Four other priests have united with the movement, among them Rev. Mr. P. B. Quinn, who, since leaving the Catholic ranks, has been prosecuting his studies at the Meadville (Unitarian) Divinity School, and Rev. Jas. A. Conner, late of Cincinnati, and also a recent convert to liberal ideas, and a man of scholarly attainments and excellent address, a graduate of the St. Sulpice Seminary in Paris.

Several parishes have been marked out in the city of New York, and preaching stations established. Although the sympathy and money of Protestants have been quite freely extended to the new movement, it is rapidly becoming self-sustaining, and has a large bona fide membership. We make the following extracts from a recent address by Father McNamara, at a convention of his Church:

> This movement, beloved friends, has now assumed proportions that render it necessary to adopt measures calculated to meet the exigencies of a great and wide-spreading Reformation. From the beginning we aimed at impressing upon our people the true basis of Church organization, instead of the hierarchical and un-Scriptural pretensions of the "Italian" or Roman denomination. The Holy Scriptures teach that the PEOPLE of Christ, and not a *hierarchy*, are the governing body of the Church. We accordingly referred to the people for their decision in all matters of ecclesiastical government. We received their sanction in all important matters. And now again we come before the Church to receive counsel and wisdom. By this course we follow the Scriptural provisions for the government of the Church, relying on the prayers of all Christian people, and the blessing of God, who has ordained us ministers of His Son.
>
> We have now five zealous pastors, who have all come out of the Roman denomination.
>
> We have an efficient corps of Christian workers, male and female.
>
> We are constantly addressing immense audiences of Catholics, who endorse our principles and approve our methods. They have indeed done much, but are unable to meet the grave requirements of this wonderful work.
>
> Among our converted people we number even the nuns from their convents and the friars from the monasteries, and

these now boldly unite with all evangelical Christians in this crusade against religious slavery, superstition and unscriptural living.

Our religious services in the University of New York continue to be wonderfully blest. Clarendon Hall has likewise become the centre of immense Sabbath services, and the largest halls in New York city have proved inadequate for the accommodation of the crowds who flock to our lectures. Irish men and women, Germans, French and people of other nationalities have given ample proof of their readiness to abandon Romanism and accept the simple and soul-saving Gospel of Christ. To meet and welcome this exodus from Popery, we need the co-operation of Christians and all lovers of freedom.

There has recently been organized in connection with this Church a "Catholic Missionary Union," having for its objects to welcome clerical converts from the Roman Church, to "strenuously uphold the cause of temperance by word and example," to "expose and neutralize the errors and corruptions of the *Italian* or so-called Roman Church, by sermons, lectures, controversies, and all evangelical weapons;" to point out to the people their true course in religious, moral, educational and political concerns; to organize auxiliary unions in the principal cities in the United States.

This is certainly one of the most interesting and important religious movements of our time. It is too soon to predicate its success or its failure. All will depend on the character and force of its leader, and the harmony which rules in its priestly councils. There can be little doubt that there is an ample constituency for such a Church in this country. The number of luke-warm or disaffected Roman Catholics is quite large in every community, and becoming larger with the spread of enlightenment and democratic ideas among the Irish and German masses. In Cincinnati and other cities this feeling against the Church has been aggravated by the unpardonable bad faith of the higher clergy. There are hundreds of priests who would gladly join such an independent Catholic Church if they could be assured of its permanency. The training for the Roman priesthood usually results in crushing out all individuality of character and power of self-help, and makes it almost impossible for those who leave her ministry to gain for themselves an independent livelihood either in secular or clerical pursuits. It is very evident, too, that those who outgrow, mentally and morally, the tutelage of Rome are not attracted to our bare and intellectual Protestant services. They simply abstain from all Church going whatever, which makes them an easy prey to a materialistic and worldly philosophy on the one hand, or a relapse into their old errors on the other. Surely, as wise reformers in religion, we ought to welcome this new departure within the Catholic Church, and express our sympathy with it in some more tangible and helpful form than mere words. For the present, contributions in its behalf may be sent to Rev. J. V. McNamara, No. 720 Second Avenue, New York city, or to Hon. E. Cowles, editor of the *Cleveland Leader*, Cleveland, Ohio.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises. Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.—*Arabic.*

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

"What news abroad i' the world?"

CONFERENCES.—Keokuk, Iowa, Nov. 12–14; Evansville, Ind., Nov. 18–21; Kenosha, Wis., Dec. 9–12.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—A *Unity* Club just started, and Mr. Sample is preparing for systematic literary work the coming winter.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Rev. C. J. K. Jones has taken this pulpit during Brother Heywood's absence, with every evidence of happy results.

QUINCY, ILL.—Mr. Blake has arranged a home course of six lectures and entertainments for $1.00, including two dramatic, two musical, and two lecture evenings.

DETROIT, MICH.—The work goes on unbroken. Mr. Forbush, of Chicago, speaks to a happy congregation there every Sunday, and probably will continue so to do during the winter.

SPENCER, IOWA.—If large audiences, an aid society that gives cakes and coffee, and friendly notices of strength in the local papers, are indications, Bro. Effinger's new movement at this place is most hopeful.

IOWA CITY.—Bro. Clute had a pretty autumn-leaf service in his church the other Sunday. All the little folks as well as the church were decorated with the falling leaves, and "Baby Mine" and kindred music sung.

MADISON, WIS.—Mrs. J. L. Dudley recently filled the Unitarian church at this place to overflowing, while she spoke on the development of character in woman. The local papers speak of the discourse in the highest terms.

MEADVILLE, PA.—D. W. Moorehouse, of the senior class, preaches fortnightly at Cambridge, Pa. President Livermore occupied Mr. Wendte's pulpit at Cincinnati the 26th ult. Mr. Bixby preached at Watertown, N. Y., the 19th ult.

TROY, N. Y.—"*Unity* is so good that I wish all my people could have it. I should be glad to distribute a package in the pews, and call attention to its merits, if you have copies to spare." The copies were sent and we have more for similar use. Who comes next?

DENVER, COL.—This church, though regretting much to lose Mr. Alger, is strong after the happy year, and is confidently looking forward to more prosperity and another man. Mr. Alger thinks that Colorado would afford steady work to three Liberal preachers, were the *right kind* of men at hand.

UXBRIDGE, MASS.—Bro. Bremner, who, his Western friends will be glad to know, has returned from across the waters, was welcomed with flowers and speeches in his church on the 28th ult. Loyal to his "bonny Scotland," he is yet glad to return to work with fresh zeal for his creed, which is a short one—"I believe in God and the American People."

ANN ARBOR.—Mr. Sunderland is determined to bring into due prominence the "coming word" in religion, as it is already the dominant word in all departments of human interest—Culture. A course of seven Sunday morning lectures is in process on culture of body, intellect, memory, imagination, will, the moral and the religious nature. What conversion was to the old *scheme* of salvation, culture will be to the new system, that looks to training and development.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.—Rev. P. S. Thacher, of Columbus, has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church here, and will enter upon his duties at once. The local paper at Columbus anticipates a brilliant future for him. The bright side of religion has been so little traversed that a wide and noble field is open for a young man of his talent.

TROY, N. Y.—Wm. H. Fish, Jr., has recently been discussing Muller's theory of prayer. He thinks Muller, in refusing to avail himself of the ordinary means of support in order to prove the power of prayer, yielded to the temptation which Jesus resisted when he was moved to cast himself down from the pinnacle in order to try God; and argued that the systematic publicity of his work has been an appeal to human sympathy that requires no miracle to account for the response.

NOT OFFICIAL.—The editor of the Notes desires to remind the reader that they have no official relation to the field or the organization which in other capacities he may represent. The office of news-gatherer he accepts for the present as an additional labor of love in behalf of *Unity*, and for this purpose he'd go "round about the pendant world," if he could, to find such news as would cheer the hearts of *Unity* workers and readers. The *field is the world;* will the friends send us tidings from all quarters?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—No more fundamental work is done any where than that which Mr. Cooke is doing here, judging from the printed calenders for October and November which are before us. During the Sunday mornings of October, he gave a series of discourses on the growth of doubt in matters pertaining to religion. During the month of November he outlines the fundamentals of the Liberal faith, while conversational lectures upon Emerson and kindred topics occupy the evening. His Unity Club concerns itself with such solid work as the study of Matthew Arnold, Keats, and the relation of scientific discovery to industries, etc. Last but not least, the Sunday School is at work on Gannett's Unity Lessons, which certainly implies labor.

ALABAMA.—The *Universalist Herald*, published at Notasulga in this State, is at hand,—a paper not excellent in typography, but it is most hopeful that it exists at all. It reports the Georgia State Convention, at which there were four preachers present, and five societies represented. Other activities are reported through the South. Through this paper we find that Rev. George Chainey, of Evansville, has been speaking at Mt. Vernon, Ind., on the lessons of the Sphynx. Did he find that the Sphynx is the original "Agnostic?" *Unity* sends greetings to these laborers in the far South. The distracted people of the Southern States must find their ultimate peace and restoration in the gospel of Progress, Character and Culture.

CLEAR CREEK, ILL.—The Friends have recently held their Yearly Meeting in this place, in a new house with a seating capacity of nearly 800, yet the correspondent of *The Journal* says that there were more than could find admittance. By the way, this paper gives room to a correspondent who gives a hint to a fault in the *Friendly character* which may not be confined to those who wear the drab,—"an unwillingness to spend money, which ripens into penuriousness. They pay when they promise and what they promise, but they fail to appreciate the value of brain labor, which looks easy to those who have never tried it. A nameless Friend says to Friend B., 'We have at last found a suitable teacher—everything we could desire; and what is more, we get her for $35 per month.' Friend B blushes for him."

WILLIAM R. ALGER, the poet, preacher, and eminent scholar, has been preaching in Unity pulpit, Chicago, for the last two Sundays. Last Monday evening he lectured in the Church of the Messiah, under the auspices of the Woman's Liberal Religious Union, to the great delight of all who heard him. Next Sunday he preaches for the Church of the Redeemer, (Universalist), and lectures in the evening at Hershey Hall. After that he makes a flying trip to New England, and returns by 1st of December. He will be present at the Wisconsin Conference, to be held at Kenosha, Dec. 9–12, and will probably remain during the winter in Chicago; devoting himself to literary work, lectures, and preaching the Liberal gospel he loves, as opportunity permits. Mr. Alger has just closed a year's work at Denver; a year filled with the most happy experiences to himself and the society. He has been bathing himself in the magnificent scenery and vivifying air of Colorado; he has climbed her highest peaks and explored her most picturesque canyons. And as he journeyed on he dropped the seed of his cheerful gospel by the way-side. During the year he has delivered six lectures in Greeley, two in Colorado Springs, one in Boulder, one in Golden, one in Central, one in Blackhawk, two in Georgetown, one at MacGregor's Ranch, and Este's Park. All this has put elasticity and strength into body and soul. We hope that many of our Western towns will avail themselves of hearing Mr. Alger this winter. And *Unity* will rejoice if he can be permanently counted in among its pillars.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Bro. Wendte has a genius for printing programmes, church cards, calendars, etc., etc. His latest is before us—the church card for 1879–80—a most stimulating ideal to the rest of us, on four pages of cardboard of 3½x6 inches. We have here a list of services, the officers of the church, young people's choir of fourteen members, officers of Sunday-schools, including the chorister, which every Sunday-school should have; three courses of Sunday evening lectures, to be given by the pastor, as follows: four lectures on "Sunny Memories of a Minister's Vacation;" four lectures on "Ideal and Conventional Morality;" nine lectures to young people on "Self-knowledge and Self-improvement." Also, we find a church visiting committee of eight ladies, a ladies' aid association, a missionary society, of which Gen. Force is President and Judge Taft one of the Vice-Presidents, and a general committee of twenty-five ladies and gentlemen. "The object of this missionary society is to spread the knowledge and increase the influence of liberal religious ideas throughout the city and State by publications, correspondence, and such other means as may seem to it suitable and best; to co-operate with the Ohio State Conference of Unitarians; and to aid the pastor in securing the annual contributions of the church to the American Unitarian Association, the Western Conference and other affiliated organizations." And, lastly, the roster of his "Unity Club," with its three departments of Culture, Amusements and Helpfulness. Besides all this, there is historical and explanatory matter. The whole suggest many good things the brethren might do well to copy and emulate.

UNITY S. S. LESSONS, SERIES IV.—This series is before us, a handsome primer of Old Testament literature. We venture to say that no finer bit of work has ever been done for

Liberal Sunday-Schools than this. Compared with this, all the other tools in our chest are but toys. To use Mr. G.'s own phrase, for teachers "*who are willing to work*," this little primer must prove exceedingly satisfactory, for the following reasons: 1st, It is based upon and refers all the way through to the Bible for Learners, a two-volume work, which Roberts Bros. have brought out in a fine edition. This work has well-nigh retired much of the costly and cumbrous literature on this subject, because it presents the latest conclusions of scholars in a most interesting and constructive fashion. 2d, Mr. Gannett has done his work in a deliberate and painstaking manner, having allowed the mind time to sift its materials. Having first put it forth in a more elaborate style of 86 pages, he has recast and rewritten in the present condensed form of 44 pages. 3d, It offers the *maximum* of suggestive materials to the teacher, and obtrudes the *minimum* of arbitrary hindrances and conventional lines. There are very few ready-made questions and fewer ready-made answers, but a great quantity of stimulating hints. 4th, The notes are printed after the text, and the *seed word* is made prominent by the printer, so as to at once arrest the attention and start the question. 5th, There are placed at the close, three pages of convenient review questions. 6th, The work is systematically divided into three parts which aid the memory and arrange the thoughts, viz: I. *The Sun-God*, gradually growing into the monotheist's thought. II. The prophets and their struggles for Jehovah. III. The priests and scribes establishing the church. 7th, The book is beautifully printed and neatly bound. 8th, It is cheap, within the reach of all. Single copies, 15 cents; five or more, 12 cents each. 9th, It is published at *Unity* office.

Springfield, Ohio.—It was a modest little Conference that was held in this City of Reapers and Water-wheels, Oct. 28th and 29th. It being determined that the perfecting of a State organization had better be postponed to some more auspicious day, Rev. Mr. Wendte of Cincinnati, Prof. Gilman of Yellow Springs, Rev. Mr. Weeks of Dayton, and Jones, from the Field-at-Large, constituted the talking force from abroad, which gave all the members a delightful chance to talk at all the sessions. The "Conference" dined together, and it supped together, and the "Conference" had a chance to become acquainted with the bright, earnest and by no means meager company that gathered to listen to this first word of the kind uttered in this thriving city of over 20,000 people.

Mr. Wendte gave the opening discourse, on "The Foundations of a Liberal Faith," on Tuesday evening; following this radical word for independence and individuality, the next morning, with its complement of conservatism, with an earnest plea for the church as an abiding help to society and to the individual. In the afternoon, Mr. Gilman made a plea for "Scientific Methods in Theology," in which the finished, scholarly qualities of a Professor were nicely blended with the earnestness and practicality which becomes the preacher. Jones, in the evening, searched for the "Unpardonable Sin," coming to the conclusion that, if such there be, it must be the blighting crime of insincerity, the dry-rot that threatens the modern church, as it has the church of all times, with the shallowness of hypocrisy and the coldness of expediency, and the spiritual deadness of time-servers. The one superlative evidence of faith is sincerity. This meeting deepened our conviction that the best things find utterance where two or three are gathered together, &c., and that no method is more economic and efficient in spreading the gospel of Unity, than these pioneer Conferences. It was delightful to find also that *Unity* had been the "John the Baptist" that had prepared the way for us. It had secured for us a warm place in kindly hearts before our going there, and it is pleasant to think that since our leaving we greet them often through its pages.

North Sea Islands.—A correspondent who once attended a Western Conference sends us the following as a pleasant companion. She says: "The West is the place for a conference. That was a live one I attended. We've just got through with a terrible affair here. It represented all the Hebrides, and the community came to regard it as a great nuisance. Many would not entertain, and many of those who came we found came only to see the volcanoes. One had an attack of dyspepsia and came for a change (free return ticket and free lunch attractions). * * * We borrowed some orthodox spoons for the parish table, and when they were returned they insisted that they lent us fifteen dozen, while we thought we had but twelve. We bought the spoons to give them the three dozen extra, when one of their gentlemen produced the bill of the spoons, and it was clearly proved that they only owned twelve dozen. I had a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who kept a hotel at Summer Beach. They came up for recreation, asked if my 'chips' (potatoes) were cut with a machine. Then I had three more friends of my friends who acknowledged that they came not to hear but to see. Hoped they'd stay with some one owning a carriage so as to take them out. Finding I did not, they hired a carry-all and asked me to go with them and show them the caves, instead of attending the morning session. Two other sisters had to leave the church because their 'nerves were not strong, they could not listen long.' Spent the rest of the day in the museum, and got so tired they never attended any more meetings. But they complained of feeling better when the collation was served, and did their duty bravely. One lady said, No, thanks; no coffee for me, I can't eat so much if I drink. Another was determined to stay a day longer. We told her it was going to storm; that her ticket would run out, and put her on the train under protest. We provided oysters, salad, chickens, everything in style. Silver knives, forks, flowers, fruits. We had to engage rooms at the hotels and private boarding houses. The papers said it was a big affair. Some of us think so too, and don't want any more.

"Yours, Parish Committee."

Moral.—What is the difference between a conference and an excursion?

Mahometanism does not seem to decline. Dr. Dollinger says: "At Sierra Leone a Moslem university is flourishing, in which are being educated a thousand young men whose lives will be as absolutely surrendered to the cause the school represents as were the lives of the early soldiers of the Crescent, who counted it joy to fall in its defense on the field of battle. In China the followers of this ancient symbol have increased beyond computation, fifty thousand residing in Tonquin alone. Among the Malayans and the islanders of the Eastern Archipelago it is reported that eighteen millions have been won over to its support; and still one-fifth of the dwellers on the earth are enrolled as its army, of whom fifty millions at least, are subjects of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria."

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

DEATH.

II.

Man, that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. His days are determined, and the number of his months is with Thee: Thou hast appointed him bounds which he cannot pass. He dieth, and is gone: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Thou prevailest continually against him, and he passeth: Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away. (xiv.) No more shall he return to his house, and his dwelling-place shall know him no more. (vii.) The clods of the valley shall be sweet to him, and every man shall draw after him, as multitudes without number before him. (xxi.) The small and the great are there. There the prisoners rest together: they hear not the voice of the oppressor, and the servant is free from his master. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. (iii.) I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all the living. (xxx.) When a few years are passed, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return. (xvi.)

—*Job.* (*About* 600 *B. C.*)

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave? (lxxxix.) For he seeth that wise men die, as well as the fool and the brutish person: alike they perish, and leave their wealth to others. No one can redeem his brother from death, nor give to God a ransom for him, that he should still live forever and not see corruption. Too costly is the redemption of his life, and he giveth it up forever.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave, and Death shall shepherd them: they shall go to the dwelling-place of their fathers, and their form shall be consumed in the underworld. (xlix.)

Thou turnest man again to dust, and sayest 'Return, ye children of men!' Thou carriest him away as with a flood; he is a dream; in the morning he springeth up like grass; in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. Teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom! Let thy deeds be known to thy servants, and thy glory to their children! And let the favor of the LORD our God be upon us, and establish for us the work of our hands: yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it. (xc.)

—*Hebrew Psalms* (*of different dates.*)

For every thing there is a fixed period, and an appointed time to every thing under heaven:—a time to weep, and a time to laugh: a time to mourn, and a time to dance: a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted: a time to be born, and a time to die. (iii.) No man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, and no man hath power over the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war. (viii.) When the silver cord is snapped asunder, and the golden bowl broken, when the bucket is broken at the fountain, or the wheel shattered at the well, then goeth man to his eternal home, and the mourners go about the streets. The dust returneth to the earth as it was, and the spirit returneth unto God who gave it. (xii.)

A good name is better than precious ointment, and the day of one's death than the day of his birth. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for this is the end of all men; and the living will lay to heart. (VII.)—*Ecclesiastes.* (*3rd century B. C.*)

When I was born, I drew in the common air, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do. I was nursed in swaddling clothes, and that with cares. For there is no king that had any other beginning of birth; for all men have one entrance into life, and the like going out.

—"*Wisdom of Solomon.*" (*2nd century B. C.*)

To go away from among men, if there are gods, is not a thing to be afraid of, for the gods will not involve thee in evil; but if indeed they do not exist, or if they have no concern about human affairs, what is it to me to live in a universe devoid of gods, or devoid of providence? But in truth they do exist, and they do care for human things, and they have put all the means in man's power to enable him not to fall into real evils. And if there was anything evil (in death,) they would have provided for this also, that it should be altogether in a man's power not to fall into it. (II, 11.) —*Marcus Aurelius.* (121—179 *A. C.*)

Why start at death? Where is he? Death arrived,
Is past; not come, or gone; he's never here.
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,—
These are the bug-bears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

—*Edward Young.* (1681—1765.)

Sixty years ago, the books read, the sermons and prayers heard, the habits of thought of religious persons, were all directed on death. All were under the shadow of Calvinism and of the Roman Catholic purgatory, and death was dreadful. The emphasis of all the good books given to young people was on death. We were all taught that we were born to die; and over that, all the terrors that theology could gather from savage nations were added to increase the gloom. A great change has occurred. Death is seen as a natural event, and is met with firmness. A wise man in our time caused to be written on his tomb, "Think on living." That inscription describes a progress in opinion. Cease from this antedating of your experience. Sufficient to to-day are the duties of to-day. Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it. "The name of death was never terrible to him that knew to live."—*Emerson.*

Think of death not as inevitable merely, but as something divine; a process of the universal Love, a moment in the universal life. Here is nothing monstrous or out of the way; no frightful anomaly, no dispensation of wrath; but something of a piece with the setting sun and the waning moon and the falling leaf,—a part of the great order, a necessary link in the universal chain which binds all being to the throne of God. St. Francis, who embraced all nature, brute and plant as well as man, with affectionate sympathy, included death also, as a part of nature, in his infinite good will. "Welcome, sister Death," he said, as he felt his end draw near.

Death is natural: let us hold by that. The nearer we are to nature, the more fitting and beautiful and welcome it will seem.

—*Dr F. H. Hedge.* (b. 1805.)

THE GROWTH OF THE HEBREW RELIGION.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

Lesson 7.

JEHOVAH OR THE IDOLS,—WHICH, IN "JUDAH?"

In "Judah," not long after the split, **A Great Religious Struggle Began** between two parties; on one side, those who hankered for the idols and the country-gods and the shameful rites; on the other side, the strict Jehovah-men. These last longed to root out the grosser worships. In their minds Jehovah was ever growing a larger, nobler, purer, kinder god. Was Baal the Creative Force of Nature? Jehovah was that great Creator, too, they thought,—but no Baal! Was Molech the Devouring Flame? that their Jehovah had always been,—yet no Molech! Were those the gods of special nations? Then Jehovah shall be the god of every nation, very God of gods; all of them in majesty, none of them in character; the grossness and the fierceness left to them,—the kingdom and the power and the glory and the goodness, his! These champions of Jehovah who thus tried to carry forward the reforms of Abraham and Moses and Samuel and David, were the **Prophets.**

Four hundred years their struggle in "Judah" lasted. Three times (about 878, 725, and 621 B C.) they stirred up **Fierce Reformations,**[6] in which the land was purged of idols, the "high places" were torn down, the altars burned, the images stamped small. And three times the people sank back[7] into the idolatry. "Thus Jehovah smites the faithless!' said "Judah," looking on at "Israel's" fate and trembling for her own, when the Assyrians were in the land. But none the less the Baal-incense smoked again from house-top altars, Molech had again his child-oven in the valley near Jerusalem, and cakes were baked to the Queen of Heaven in the city streets.

At last, the fate of "Israel" fell in turn on "Judah,"—this time at the hand of the Chaldees. Again and yet again they came, and finally they burnt Jehovah's Temple and carried off the best people of the land captive to Babylon. *Not* to vanish there, like "Israel!" Rather to become there, for the first time, Jehovah's people. It was the **Captivity in Babylon,**[8] (586-538 B. C.) that thoroughly purged out the idol-worship. It took that great Captivity to do it. This was the doom so long foretold by the Prophets,—this was the Jehovah's wrath upon his "chosen people" for their long disloyalty to him. So reasoned now the humbled people, remembering those Prophets; and there in Babylon, amid their image-serving masters, an utter scorn of images[9] and of all gods but their own Holy One, set in. The second captivity finished the work begun so long before by Moses in the first,—Jehovah's "chosen people" now at last chose *him!*

Read "The Carpenter made Idols," Is. xliv. 10-20.
"An Old-Time Reformation," 2 Kgs. xxiii. 1-27. (B. f. L. vol. ii. 326-337.)

6. Three Reformations: (1) 2 Kgs. ix-xi. See B. f. L. ii. 133-8, 171-4. (2) 2 Kgs. xviii. 1-7. See B. f. L. ii. 278-281. (3) 2 Kgs. xxiii. See B. f. L. ii. 326-337.——**7. Sank Back:** For the riot of idolatry between the last two reformations, see B. f. L. ii. 299-302.——**8. Babylon:** 2 Kgs. xxiv-xxv. On map, find Assyria with Nineveh, and Chaldæa with Babylon. Vivid pictures of Babylon in Stanley's "Jewish Church," iii. 3-17.——**9. Images:** For specimens of Bible-scorn at idols, see Is. xliv. 10-20; xl. 18-22; Jer. x. 3-14; Baruch vi. and "Bel and the Dragon," in the Apocrypha; Acts xvii. 22-30. But is there nothing good in idols? "Idol" means simply a "*seeable* image;" and to many may not visible representations of God be helpful? "Pictures are the books of the unlettered." When does their harm begin? When people worship them instead of *through* them. Do Mohammedans use any? Do Christians? The Roman Catholic has his images, pictures, crucifix, Pope; the Protestant's idol, like the Mohommedan's, is a Book,—the Bible. Old Roman idol-shops: our idol shops. The "Image-Controversy" in the Church in Charlemagne's time. The struggle over Ritualism in the Episcopal Church is to-day's Image-Controversy.

Lesson 8.

WHO WERE THE PROPHETS?

They were the noblest men of the Old Testament. Know them and you know to what order of men Jesus belonged. Not that they were all alike, however. At first they were scarcely more than seers[10] or soothsayers. Under Samuel's influence they became an order[10] of religious patriots, zealous for the national Jehovah. Had we lived in "Israel" about 900 B. C., we should have heard of a shaggy man, clad in a sheepskin strapped around him with a leathern girdle, who was here! there! everywhere! a voice in the camp, the court, the street, crying "Down with the Baal-images! Death to the Baal-priests! Jehovah is the god of Israel, Jehovah, he is the god!" That wild voice, so like Samuel's, is **Elijah's.**[11] Wonderful stories were told in after time of him and **Elisha**[11] and their followers; more wonderful, if possible, than the legends told of even Abraham and Moses.

But drop down a century or two and we should find the Prophet more like an ardent "revivalist[12]" or "abolitionist" of to-day. He claims to be Jehovah's spokesman. In dreams, in gleams, in ecstasies, the god's spirit sweeps[13] through him, and the words hurled from his lips he calls the "Word of Jehovah." Standing at the city gates he thunders out denunciations in picture-talk and vivid parables, sometimes *acting*[14] out his parable, to make it startle more. His harangues have all but one text—**Righteousness;** have all but one doctrine—that Jehovah demands righteousness from his "chosen people," dooming every one who seeks strange gods or bows himself to idols or oppresses his brethren, and crowning with

unnumbered blessings the faithful and the just. The nation's weal and woe, thus interpreted, became a gauge[15] of her loyalty to Jehovah; while he more and more became her Moral Governor and Chastening Providence. Louder and louder grew the Prophets' warnings as the Assyrian threatened the land: then came a lull of safety, so of silence: then the danger from Chaldæa began, and with it rose again the lashing abolitionists.

In picturing his dooms and blessings the Prophet is not foretelling things far off, but some fate that he thinks close at hand. As to its details he sometimes makes a hit, but oftener makes a miss: it was no more safe to prophesy events in old times than it is in new. In a word, he is not first predicter and then preacher, but first a preacher, then, and in consequence, predicter[16],—exactly as, in 1858 and '59, preachers like Theodore Parker were *our* "prophets" and predicted our great war.

Read "The Challenge of the Gods," 1 Kgs. xviii. 17-40. (B. f. L. vol. ii. 138-149.)
"The Potter's Bottle," Jer. xix. (B. f. L. vol. ii. 365-367.)
"The Valley of Dry Bones," Ezek. xxxvii. 1-14. (B. f. L. vol. ii. 412-413.)

10. Seers and Samuel's Order: See B. f. L. i. 452-5.—**11. Elijah and Elisha-legends:** 1 Kgs. xvii. through 2 Kgs. xiii., and others in Baring-Gould's "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets." See B. f. L. ii. 138-165. Besides 1 Kgs. xviii., read "The Still Small Voice," 1 Kgs. xix., and "The Chariot of Fire," 2 Kgs. ii., as examples of the legends. Elijah is type of the *iconoclast*, or idol-breaker. We spoke of idol-makers; now speak of idol-breakers. They are sure to come at last and strike at the day's established orthodoxy, "dashing the idol that they may reveal the God." Sometimes they strike by blows, sometimes by words. Jesus in his day, Luther in his, Theodore Parker in his, were iconoclasts. Compare the good and harm which such men do: they lead to much unreason and misrule, shattering much beauty; but can established superstition be escaped and higher truth be reached on other terms? One result is that the iconoclasts usually set up some new idol in place of those torn down; e. g. the Christian mobs about A. D. 400, and the Protestants about A. D. 1600. Are you "iconoclastic" or "superstitious" by temperament? How should one treat his own idols? Does temperament settle duty in such cases?—**12. Revivalist:** B. f. L. ii. 215-222.—**13. Sweeps:** See B. f. L. ii. 226-7. A talk on "Inspiration." Did you never feel strange kindlings of the spirit in you which seemed to make you for an instant a genius or a hero or a saint? The Old Testament's explanation of such kindlings is "the Word of Jehovah," the New Testament's is "the Holy Spirit," the Quaker calls it "Inner Light," the Orthodox, "Christ in you," or "New Birth," the Spiritualist, "a visitor from spirit-land." What is your explanation? What are the conditions of such kindlings? We say "inspired poet," "inspired orator:" is a prophet's inspiration of a different nature from theirs? Is the Bible's different from that of other noble books? Does inspiration confer infallibility? What must *judge* all claimed inspirations and infallibilities? (The best reason and conscience of the day.) And is *that* inspired or infallible? Then has man *any* infallible guide? Does he need one? If yes, why? If you feel the need, does Pope or Bible satisfy it for you? Why not?—**14. Acts Out:** Illustrate by the early Quakers, "bearing testimony."—**15. Gauge:** Is this a true theory of Providence or not? Judge it by a year; by a life-time; by the generations. "The mills of God grind slowly, etc." Is. liii., and Job, show the Hebrew mind finding out that the theory did not hold good.—**16. Predicter:** See B. f. L. ii. 259-260. Also Stanley's "Jewish Church," vol. I., 511-520, and vol. II., pp. x-xvii. of preface. And on this whole subject of the Prophets, read his vol. I., chap. xix. and xx.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* does not acquit Dr. Lorimer from the charge of plagiarism from Dr. Parker's sermon, but finds a worse case. It says: "That other Baptist minister in Canandaigua, N. Y., has, however, taken the palm. In June last Rev. W. H. Sloan preached this very 'Temple' sermon of Dr. Parker's—text, plan, points, sentences, words and punctuation, from beginning to end. The deacons and the people were immensely pleased, and the former as a committee requested the discourse for publication in pamphlet form. Would any one believe it? This Canandaiguan actually *complied with the request*, and in his letter of consent modestly said, 'I wish that it (the sermon) was more deserving of the honor you confer upon it!' We resent that left-handed slap at Dr. Parker, and so will he, we hope. The hungry, shivering sneak-thief who takes your overcoat, is honest in comparison with this dishonest and unworthy clergyman."

"The Sunday society have just held a conference at Manchester, England, which was attended by representatives of most of the religious denominations of the city as well as by delegates from other parts of the country. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Mark H. Judge, Sir Coutts Lindsay, the bishop of Salford, Canon Toole, and several other speakers, cleric and lay, and the following resolution was carried by acclamation: 'That this conference rejoices at the success which has attended the Sunday opening of the public libraries in Manchester, and accepts it as evidence that the day is not far distant when all public libraries, museums, art galleries and gardens will be open to the public during a part of their weekly day of rest.'"

The single love of goodness gives more noble resources to the spirit in search after truth.—*Fenelom.*

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